

UNITY.

FREEDOM, + FELLOWSHIP + AND + CHARACTER + IN + RELIGION.

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NOTES.

Progress is a process of demolishing hindrances. It is a getting rid of encumbrances.

For every one that dies of starvation a thousand die of dyspepsia. Our concern lest this be a scant harvest should vanish before the greater concern of how are we to utilize what the fields are about to give us.

King Alphonso, of Spain, has at last removed the restrictions against the Jews, and they are permitted to enter his domain. A little more of Judaism and a little less of Christianity might have made the past history of Spain less repulsive.

James Freeman Clarke, in the *Independent* of the 14th ult., gives a graphic account of Wendell Phillips in a recent lecture at Cambridge, on the "Essential Cowardice of Scholarship," in which he charged the graduates of Harvard College with conspicuous absence from the ranks of American reformers. But Mr. Clarke recalls the names of Channing, Emerson, Horace Mann, Parker, Sumner, S. J. May, Lowell, and others, to which ought to be added his own name. If Harvard College had no other names upon its rolls of which to be proud,

it still might look up unblushingly to receive the undisputed honor of having given to America its most prophetic souls.

Spirituality is a quality of the soul, not a conclusion of the intellect. The studies of material nature touch the soul with the sense of the unbending majesty of law, mellow it with a humility born out of a consciousness of its own limitations, and plant its feet strongly upon unquestioned realities. There is an integrity about nature that is contagious. Religion has nothing to fear from those who are devoted to the study and manipulation of matter.

Up to the time of President Jackson there had been but seventy-three removals from offices by all the Presidents for political reasons. But during his administration there were over two thousand such removals. Thus solidly did he lay the foundation of that infamous doctrine, that "to the victor belongs the spoils." Not Guiteau, the selfish tool or the crazed victim of this doctrine, that once and for all sent his leaden bullet on its murderous mission, but he who fifty years ago sowed the vicious seed has most to account for.

There's not a "crime
But takes it's proper change out still in crime,
If once rung on the counter of this world;
Let sinners look to it."

America has at last found a representative at a foreign court who is anxious to base its claim on something else than bigness. James Russell Lowell, our Minister to England, at a press dinner recently given in London, said:

"His Eminence, Cardinal Manning, has referred to me as representing a great space. I do not know whether he meant by that term physical space or intellectual space. But I should be inclined to say that if he meant merely that I represented a physical space he stated, in effect, that I represented nothing. Little Athens occupies a greater space on the map of human memory than the enormous empires that have arisen and passed away since her fall; and when I stand here representing the people of the United States of America, I think I am not overstepping the bounds of modesty when I say that I also represent a great and beneficent idea—an idea which is making itself more and more felt in the politics and in the history of the world. Hitherto we have sent you corn, cotton and cutlery, mainly but it will not always be so."

Thousands of birds lose their lives annually by dashing themselves against the panes of the great light-houses along our sea-shores. They crack their skulls by wildly diving into that light whose rays, if wisely followed, would lead them to safety and plenty. Like these foolish birds, many lives are wrecked in their thoughtless eagerness to discover

the source and scope and evidence of the immortal life. The immortal hope is a light-house ray in the heart of man, which, if followed outward, will help guide one through the besetting darkness of this mortal life. But if followed inwardly, with irreverent haste to know its source and credentials, it is apt to end in disappointment and darkness. Death is a sower. The harvest of August is not revealed in April. Any impatience with the normal unfolding of our destiny is akin to the petulance of the child that destroys the blossom by searching for it in the bud. It is enough to know that the coffin, as well as the cradle, represents a sowing. In both cases seed is cast into a fruitful universe. The soul is a conscious seedlet, dropped into the hospitable, law-engirdled soil of eternity; and if the harvest is not to be as we dream of it, then it will be something better.

The Unitarians in America have never been engaged in a work more worthy, or one that will bear more fruit in future, than the enlarging of the endowment of the Meadville Theological School, which work is going rapidly on. About \$30,000 of the \$50,000 proposed is already raised. The prophetic call for young men and women to enter the ministry of religion was never more emphatic than at the present time. We print in another column the report which Joseph Shippen, Esq., one of the trustees of the Meadville Theological School, read before the St. Louis Conference. We commend it to the attention of the earnest, progressive young men and young women who are now grappling with the problem, What is to be their life's work? also, it is commended to the men and women who have some money entrusted to them, which ought to be used in good causes. Representatives of either class desiring further information will find the President's address in our advertising columns.

The Independent, of July 7th, leads off with a remarkably bold—aye, savage—arraignment of the Bible Society, by Rev. Leonard Woolsey Bacon. He asserts that its "constitution is rotten in every timber;" calls it a "fat, overgrown, lazy monopoly;" considers "lunatic idiocy" an "inadequate expression" to represent the management; insinuates that it has kept its publication from the general trade in order to produce the "alarming destitutions" that "figure impressively in the annual reports." He believes that the revision will demonstrate the needlessness of this Society, as the demand can be fully supplied by publishers working on a business basis. The article has a quality of bitterness and severity that would have rendered it unfitting for a place in the columns of unorthodox UNITY, but now that the tolerant and orthodox *Independent* has given it publicity, we are bound

to say that, while we cannot believe Dr. Bacon quite just to the spirit of this Society, we do think him eminently sound in believing that this is one of many so-called religious organizations that are used in suppressing rather than in stimulating the activities of head and heart. It is a hindrance rather than a help to progress. The tree that was once alive, bearing fruit and yielding generous shade, is dying. Let its barren trunk be cut down, that other growing things may have more room.

MASCULINE INJUSTICE.

Not to speak of that coarse barbarism that on the continent, and even in this country, still makes a slave and drudge of woman, there is a refined selfishness that penetrates the better classes and higher circles of life. There are everywhere men who are willing to pay chivalric devotion at the shrine of woman, but are unmoved by the artificial barriers and obstacles that are thrown in her way. They grant her worship, but they refuse her equal pay for equal service rendered. They encourage her to be intelligent, but help build the subtle fences that hamper her in the use of that intelligence. They enlist her sympathy and awaken her enthusiasm in the problems of State, and then tie her hands to prevent any direct expression of her preference or her judgment. There is a manifest injustice in this dual standard of morality which men do so much towards perpetuating in society. A higher degree of purity is exacted of women than of the men who stand in the same social scale and enjoy the same social privileges. The disgrace and obloquy that follow crime are not shared in equal proportions by the men and the women who share equally in the guilt. It is said that the young men, just reaching their majority, generally voted against extending the right of suffrage to women, at the Colorado election, where the question was submitted. The explanation is obvious. The physical air they tainted with their tobacco smoke, the moral atmosphere which they vitiated with their own profanity and obscenity, they felt to be unfit for the women whose company they coveted—at whose feet some of them that very evening sued for acceptance. This is one of the most subtle forms which masculine selfishness assumes in these days—this striving of men to possess themselves of the companionship of women high above them in purity, in intelligence and in moral aim. The young man who spends his money for cigars, who wastes his spare hours in bar-rooms and billiard halls, considers himself proper escort to the young lady who devotes her hours to the cause of charity and religion. This selfish wooing will undoubtedly produce its crop of injustice after marriage. The unshared drudgery of the home, the undivided care of and anxiety for the chil-

dren, the masculine monopoly of the income earned in partnership, inevitably follow such wooings. Not that men's standard for women is or can be too high, but that men's standard for men should be equally high. Any violation of this principle causes women to suffer, which is bad; and men to degenerate, which is worse.

HERESY TRIALS.

Things are beginning to look as if we were really going to have a heresy trial in Chicago some time this fall. The committee to whom the work was entrusted, report that the charges against Dr. Thomas are at last completed, and are in the hands of the Presiding Elder, whose business it is to convene the court. The charges are not to be made public before the trial. But a recent editorial in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* would seem to indicate the probable line of procedure on the part of the prosecution. The trial is not to raise the question as to whether the teachings of Dr. Thomas are true to the nature of things or not, but whether they are true to the Methodist Church. The question is not whether he is loyal to reason or revelation, but is he loyal to Methodism? Not whether he is a good man, but whether he is a good churchman or not. In this way it is hoped to avoid the conversion of the court either into a school of philosophy or a theological seminary. If this can be done, much of the venom and the cruelty of the old-time heresy trial will be done away with, and the issue becomes not only a simple but a good-natured one. We regard the position of the *Advocate* as eminently sound. An organization with the dignity and history of the Methodist Church has rights which the progressive and the radical are bound to respect, and we hope Dr. Thomas will not further endanger his intellectual clearness by any sentimental sophistry about the *spirit* of Methodism as opposed to the *letter* of Methodism. That *spirit* of Methodism will be best honored, in his case, by respecting the letter also. Methodism as a *spirit* is not an institution at all, but it reveals itself in the hearty, glowing love that warms into a converting fervor a Pan-Presbyterian convention, a Unitarian conference, or a Spiritualistic grove-meeting. But Methodism as a *letter* is an institution, with well-defined parts, organized for a very definite work, committed to quite definite ideas, and this letter is morally binding upon those who would avail themselves of the benefit of the institution until it is changed, in the only legitimate way of changing the letter—the basis of an organization—namely, by a majority of votes. It becomes Dr. Thomas, and his heretical kindred in all the creed-founded churches, to manfully fall to, move an amendment, and work for a conversion

of their old-time associates, and bring the *letter* up to date, or else do the other manly thing: accept the situation and acknowledge their minority; pay the thinker's penalty, as Luther, and Wesley, and Roger Williams, and Ballou, and Channing, and Theodore Parker did. All these men honored their antecedents by enlarging upon them. In due time their larger thought clothed themselves with fitting garments. The message of these modern heretics will be only half understood until it will receive the emphatic accent of open dissent.

SHALL WE GO FORWARD, OR BACKWARD?

If the liberal church has or ever had any distinctive mission, it is that of leading or keeping abreast with the thought of the times. If it has won any lasting honor, it has been that of holding broad views, of sympathizing with every phase of intellectual progress; giving encouragement to inquiry; refusing to believe that the exercise of reason, that any form of earnest thinking, is a crime.

It is this position, deliberately taken and held, which prevents and always has prevented us from having a creed. The right, the expectation and the *duty* of revising our poor beliefs of to-day with better ones to-morrow, make us say that we will subscribe to no confession of faith that shall bind or blind any soul for a single hour, after there has risen upon the world a clearer light, after there has come to men a better vision of the truth.

The whole principle of subscription and confession, as practiced by the churches, is wrong, if there is anything saving and sacred in truth. To be compelled to state our religious opinions in the same words and phrases through a long series of years, from infancy to age, with any idea that we mean the same thing, or anything like the same thing, by the same terms, or that we should choose those terms as the vehicle of our most sincere thought, is a delusion. And to seek to include the religious thinking of this century, in all its altered aspects, in the dogmatic formulas of ancient centuries, dictated by and saturated with the plainest error and superstition—to do this with any slightest implication that we are just to the human intellect of to-day, is a blunder and wrong of very baneful consequences.

It is not that we believe less that we refuse to have a creed; it is because we believe more than any creed contains. Whatever we believe to-day, we shall believe more to-morrow—if any new light comes to us. A larger acceptance and faith are conditioned upon a larger knowledge. We will not be bound. If we are free in our faculties and true to our opportunities, to-morrow's horizon of truth will be broader than to-day's, and our statement of belief or faith must overarch the whole to

correspond. To express it fully, the wording must change to suit the expanded thought. For the liberal church has not only the high privilege of thinking and of intellectual growth, but it has laid upon it the imperative duty to speak out fearlessly what it thinks; so that men shall not be able to say that the language of its declarations is one thing, but its convictions are quite another thing,—a charge which, in our time, works infinite harm to all the interests of instituted religion.

Of late years we have, over and over again, been astonished at the boldness of the speculations which have proceeded from the traditional churches. From the Church of England came the famous "Essays and Reviews;" lately, from the Dutch Church, Kuenen's "Religion of Israel" and the very remarkable "Bible for Learners;" and more recently, from the church which we have been in the habit of thinking of as given over to the Calvinism of John Knox, the "Scotch Sermons." And when we have reflected upon the freshness and freedom of the theological thinking springing up in these, as we might say, unexpected quarters, apparently with every obstacle of inheritance and old tradition standing in the way, yet actually ignoring or undermining and casting out all the doctrines sacred to the orthodox heart, and pressing forward to recognize and ready to adopt the last truth of science and of criticism,—seeing all this, we have been led to ask, can we hope any longer, not to lead, perhaps, but to *be among the leaders* in reconstructing religion, in giving new ideas to faith and worship? If, too, we are forced to remember the distrust which was visited upon Theodore Parker and those who were suspected of sympathy with him; if we recall Prof. Bowen's characterization of "Essays and Reviews," in the *North American Review*, as "The Churchmen's Attack upon Christianity;" and the warnings against Freeman Clarke's translation of Hase's "Life of Jesus," and now against the conclusions of the Dutch School, from men who claim to represent the only genuine Unitarianism or the only sound scholarship among us, to what extent do these invalidate our claim, or our hope to be in the van of religious thought and progress.

We believe, however, that there can be but one result to a feeble, timid, conservative policy, that shrinks from contact with the strong current of modern thought, and no longer strives to be in the advance. It is a reaction from our best and earliest principle. It is an abandonment of all that made Unitarianism a significant movement. To react, or to stand still, is to resign its mission, is to sink its characteristics, is to become the most commonplace of sects. It cannot be made a comfortable place for half-converts, or semi-orthodox or mildly superstitious people, unless it is false to its work. Only as it can proclaim freedom to those bound in errors of creed

and rite and life; only as it can lead men out into the full and joyous exercise of reason; only as it is quick to see and bold to declare the highest religious truth of the times,—a veritable pioneer still in theological thought,—can it minister to those who most need it, can it hold those drawn to it by its professions of liberty and sincerity.

J. C. L.

Contributed Articles.

JUNE 17, 1881.

J. VILA BLAKE.

The rain falls softly, and on either hand,
Whether I look upon the earth or sky,
It seems to utter, with a soft command,
A gentle speech to tell how small am I.
How wide it falls! how quiet and how strong!
From stormy clouds it gathers a sweet song:
It brings the lightning down to paint the grape,
And juice to swell the berry to its shape!
My plans, well laid, it scatters and derides,
And with sweet laughter my impatience chides.
Well, let them go; I am not sad or pained
To be so small in world so great contained.
I am so small thou makest my purpose vain,
And yet so great that I can love thee, Rain.
But lo! it stops; I take my plans again:
The sweet rain drips no longer from my pen.

SAILING BY MOONLIGHT.

HARRIET S. TOLMAN.

Gently, O moon, we keep your wake,
Drifting upon the wondrous tide,
Splendor around us near and wide,
Wavelets that ever newly take
Your messages of light.

Fair transformations greet your rays;
Silver, is now the boat's white wing;
Radiance like some old saint's ring,
Crowns upturned faces while we gaze;
We, too, have caught your light.

Peace such as blesses life serene!
Brightness, like joys that overflow!
Does even a heavenly angel know
Bliss more complete, or holier scene?
We say, "'Tis Heaven to-night!"

Ay, Heaven indeed! 'Tis not too soon
While here on earth, to feel the thrill,—
Pulses harmonious,—of God's will
Throughout the universe. O moon,
Our souls receive your light!

THE ART OF ARTS—HOME-MAKING.

V.

THE SITTING-ROOM.

KATE GANNETT WELLS.

The sitting-room (the more familiar word than library, and the more restful word than the English "living-room"), where the mother's basket, piled high with mending, the children's school-books, the baby's toys and the father's newspapers and books lie together in happy confusion, is the room that tells at once of the present occupations and the past joys of the family. For here, encircled by trailing vines, hang the portraits of those who have been the strength and the light of the home, and here each one throws down the tools of his work and rests.

The sitting-room is the tutelary genius of American life. Like the Sunday requisitions for refreshment of mind and body, it becomes a spot for enforced rest. Neither parlor nor drawing-room invite cordially to relaxation, they require conventional postures and trained tones of voice; or else they abide in darkened isolation, now and then illumined by curtains drawn and blinds thrown open; but into the sitting-room pours the sun, fading the carpet and revealing the dust on tables and in corners.

A house is not a home without an attic and a sitting-room. The professional and the salaried man, the mechanic and the jobber, all work for this haven of rest. Even in the poorest families, a little part of the kitchen, a further window with its plants and a rocking chair near by; or in the one chamber, the appointments of the bureau and the little stand by its side, suggest the cosy, contented atmosphere of the sitting-room. Most of our tenement houses are built so as to provide for this want of the human soul and limbs. The suite is not all for work nor all for sleep. The typical tenement sitting-room or parlor is known by its straight-backed, deep-tufted or tightly-strained upholstery; by the pictures hung so as to be viewed on tiptoe, consisting of family photographs in oval gilt frames, and yellow-green chromos; by its two or three annuals and books of poems, its crosses of perforated cardboard and its gaily bedizened fly-catchers. But for all that, the man sitting at one window in his clean shirt sleeves, and the woman, looking talkative and kind, with a stiff ruffle round her neck, rocking back and forth in regular double-quick time at the other window, give a feeling of relaxation to the beholder of the scene; for this room is the oasis in their lives between the scorching fire of the cooking-stove and the burning heat of a ten hours' working-day.

Take again the typical room of those whose income is of that variable amount "which is just enough to get along on comfortably." Here the small center-table will have an enormous cloth, the sewing machine will be of the most ornamental kind, the book-case will be high, the Davenport desk so small as to suggest slight need of it, two chairs will have rockers, the others will be stalwart in form; the pictures will teach some moral or historical truth; one of Rogers' drab-tinted groups will impress on the mind the use of form, and the carpet will be of tapestry Brussels.

In sharp contrast with this conventional room of small means and little taste, but of rest, notwithstanding, is the library of the wealthy literary man, with its low oak book-cases, its tables, antiques, busts and paintings, where, amid depths of soft cushions, one may turn over the leaves of evenly opening books.

Midway between these stands the ideal sitting-room, now become a frequent realization through the cheapness of pretty things and the growing good taste in artistic effects. An open fire-place is found here; book-shelves without glass doors, from which the favorite books are constantly drawn, and the big center-table with a corner for each one's hobby. The dolls are placed in stiff array against a niche in the wall; all the chairs are easy chairs, one for each member, and the couch for the happy invalid of the home. A plain drugget is on the floor, or, better still, the floor is of polished wood, with here and there a rug, on which are lying the big dog and the little dog of the family; there is a large newspaper and pamphlet rack, suggestive of the wide-awake general interest of the home in all outside affairs; a desk where the blotter is blotted, the inkstand full, the pens good and the letter case full of letters,—a working, not an ornamental, desk. A plain, tinted paper is on the walls, against which hang sketches of dear faces and loved landscapes; the curtains are short and light and white, the ornaments few and simple,—a head of St. Bruno, or a bit of Chelsea pottery, nothing expensive nor rare; but the whole makes a room where close observation can descry in chairs and books and work the ownership of various individualities blending into the general feeling that "home keeping hearts are happiest."

There will be an entry in this house for agents and peddlers, and a parlor for callers and meetings and parties; neither gay nor busy world will know of this retreat, whose very doors may be quickly closed as some stranger enters; but the family friends, the household guests, the tired workers, amid manifold duties or in the struggle for bare existence, will here find shelter, friendliness and courage. Such a room is inexpensive, for its book-cases may be of shellaced pine with leather trimmings, and its furniture upholstered by home fingers, in cretonne or jute, repelling to moths, whilst its pictures may be photographs only. The possibilities of such a room are within the reach of all. But it must exist,—either as a room, or, in many houses, as portion only of a chamber or of the kitchen,—that the spirit of rest may enter into our week-day, hurrying life. No married or unmarried friends, no contented, or discontented, bachelor or spinster can afford to dispense with this room. Little matter is it where they eat or sleep, compared with where they sit. We must sit as individuals, as families, as nations; we must rest and wait, and pause and think.

I remember a death scene in the sitting-room or familiar library of a home. Books and work, the couch and the desk, all seemed to pause and wait as the glory drew near and settled on the young face, that looked upwards from the implements of earthly work lying all around him to the unseen voices calling him to another room above. Not only death, but the new life of promised, wedded love, the deep intellectual experiences roused by conversation, the little acts of swift renunciation for another's sake, and, brightest of all, the children's hour of ringing laughter or serious questioning, and the tender

good-night to all, should find in this room their birth-place or abiding habitation. The sitting-room seems especially to belong to the temperate and northern zone, the region of long nights and stormy weather. Where nature makes perpetual resting places for us amidst her green shades, as she does in warmer climes and foreign lands, this enlargement of the old Roman hearth, the meeting place of the present with the past, is not so greatly needed; yet it is pleasant to fancy that the modern sitting-room of England and America can be traced through its Puritanic stiffness, its German simplicity, back to the Roman "hearth-fire." As that fire was the domestic centre of religion, each family having its own rites and hymns, so now each house has, as its domestic center, the sitting-room, where its special acts of love and service are offered unto one another. It is the common life of the family, and thus the common life of humanity, that the sitting-room represents; while the individual life will often find its altar of sacrifice, or its Mount of Transfiguration, elsewhere.

THE SITTING-ROOM.

C. G. HOWLAND.

Home is something even to savages. Sitting Bull and his chiefs speak with real pathos about their wigwams and families, and it is easy enough to believe that the speeches attributed to celebrated Indians concerning their homes and their hunting grounds are genuine. But civilized races have a stronger attachment to their homes than others. It is the most important and the most sacred place in the world to such races and nations, and especially to the people of Saxon blood. The house means everything. It shelters and contains all that is valuable. Farms, shops, offices, railroads, mills, manufacturing, all the industries and occupations of men, are for the sake of their homes. This is the secret of their work and ambition.

Now, in all the house there is no other place so important as the room where the family lives, call it sitting-room, or parlor, or whatever else we may. The kitchen is essential, but it is always of the earth, earthy; and the dining room, with its inevitable ducks, suspended in torture, and other pictures suggested by a visit to the market and the agricultural fair, is somewhat earthy likewise, and must be so, because it is for the natural and physical wants that dining-rooms and kitchens exist; but the family room is for another purpose. It is the heart of the house. From the sitting-room all the others radiate. It is the place of amusement and of worship. It is the reading room, theatre, opera house, senate chamber, picture gallery and church,—the germ of the greatest institutions among men. It is the sphere above all others for courtesy and affection. The behavior there is one of the chief tests of character; it is the measure of the civilization which the family has reached. No matter how graciously men and women may smile elsewhere, nor how gently they may speak, it counts for very little unless they smile and speak in that way in the sacred places. Gentleness and good temper are mainly for domestic use. They help to smooth the whole road of life, but in the home they are indispensable. How contemptible is the man who is the delight of another's

house and the terror of his own; genial and agreeable when he goes to the next door, but a snarling dog with his own wife and children. Must not the master and mistress of many fairly happy homes confess that they are guilty of the inferior grades of this great offence? Henry Giles speaks of the "wit of the dram house who becomes the devil of the dwelling." May it not be that there is too much contrast, with most of us, between our manners when among our friends and in other people's houses, and at home when no one is looking on? Do not many of us put the emphasis where it does not belong, and are so generous with our civilities on the street and in company that we have not enough left for our families, when the fact is they have the first right, they are preferred creditors, and if there is not enough for all, others must be the losers?

As a rule, there is no lack of affection in American homes; but, as a rule, there is a lack of the little courtesies and civilities of life. I have a friend who says he maintains a little ceremony in his family, and especially at the table, simply to preserve the civilization already acquired, and prevent a lapse into barbarism. No doubt but politeness in the family would greatly help the human race in avoiding such a catastrophe, or if the same degree of politeness and good nature were observed in the family that there is out of it. If each member is treated by every other as courteously as the guest is treated, or the neighbor who drops in, nothing more could be desired. How it would sweeten domestic life in a large proportion of American homes if there were the same effort to be agreeable to one another that there is to please visitors or friends in their own houses! If there were the same thoughtfulness and pains at self-control when the family is alone as when others are by, what a vast amount of controversy and discord would be removed! Does it not often happen that the sound of the opening gate, or the approaching step on the walk, or the rap at the door, is the signal for instant peace within?

The qualities and virtues that make a delightful and happy neighborhood will make a delightful and happy home. When affection, gentleness, politeness and absolute veracity are the law of any human society, the Kingdom of God has surely come to that place. The first appearance of that Kingdom is in a well ordered home; not the poor mortified adjunct of store, or mill or, office, which a man is almost ashamed to possess, and to which he goes late at night with far more reluctance than he went to the store or the office in the morning, but the center of ambition, for which shops and mills and all else were made. It need not be anything but a small and plain house, yet large enough to hold all the great virtues. I do not mean that a man shall put his whole fortune into a house, when I say that home should be the aim of his life. I mean that he should make his business subservient to his home, not allow it to command and tyrannize him, and make him almost a stranger to his own family. The absorbing eagerness and hurry in the business life of great cities, and the consequent neglect of the sacred duties and renunciation of the sacred joys of home, is of evil omen. Besides being a positive loss in some of the worthiest things that life has to give—things that are of quite as much value to the greatness and permanency of the State as large fortunes—it is also one of the reasons why so many of the

sons of these busy men fall into evil ways. There must, of course, be a sort of pleasure in conducting great business enterprises; but is it really a greater work, and does it bring a keener delight, than time spent in a calm and refined home, and the right training of beautiful sons and daughters?

The house, and the heart of the house, will not be what they ought until fathers and husbands are willing to forego somewhat of large fortunes, or renounce unworthy company who claim their time, and heed the more hallowed duties and cultivate the purer and more lasting joys of home.

Condensed Sermons.

RELIGION.

From a Sermon by Mrs. J. R. Effinger to the Children, on Flower Sunday, delivered in the Free Congregational Church, June 12, 1881. Printed in the *Daily Bulletin*.

Text—Proverbs, viii: 17. "They that seek me early shall find me."

CHILDREN: I want to say something to you that you will remember long after the flowers are faded and dead.

I should like to look into your minds and out of your eyes, and see how this great subject of religion looks to you, so that I might better know how to speak to you about it. I have tried to remember how it looked to me when I was a very small child, and I can just recall that it seemed to me something wonderful and beautiful. When the grass began to grow in the spring, and the streams to run, and the first wild flowers to bloom, then I felt that God was very near, that he was in all the beauty of the earth, and could know every thought of my mind and wish of my heart; and heaven, I thought, was just above the sky. But soon I began to hear such dreadful things about God that I began to be afraid of him. I was told that I must think of myself as a dreadful sinner, no matter whether I had done anything very wrong or not; that God was very angry with me, and could only be pleased with me and save me from being cast into a lake of fire and brimstone in one way. That was by my believing that he had satisfied his anger by punishing his beloved son, Jesus Christ, for my sins, and was now ready to forgive me if I would pray long enough for him to hear me; and so, instead of finding God everywhere as a spirit of joy and love, I began at last only to think of him as a stern judge, sitting on a great white throne, requiring me to be constantly doing something for his glory, which I couldn't help but think (though I tried not to think it) was rather selfish in him, and it made me very unhappy. So, at last, you see that religion, which was at first so wonderful to me, became something dreadful, and it took me a good many years to shake off those painful impressions. And if any of you have such dark and dreadful thoughts about an angry God, and a horrible devil, and a pit of fire and torment, then I beg of you to put them all away and think of God as your father, who loves you, who can never hate you or punish you except as a kind mother would punish you to make you better. But there was just one good thing that I got out of that dark and sad religion, and that was the feeling that it was a dreadful thing to do wrong, and that, dear children, is something we must all learn; but I hope

you will be able to learn it without the hard discipline some of us had. I would have you look on religion as something natural and pleasant, as something that belongs to you as well as to the grown people. I wouldn't have you think of Jesus as I was taught to think of Him—as a strange, unnatural being, partly man and partly God, unlike anybody else, who came into the world to save you from the wrath of God; but as a loving friend and teacher, who sought to show us the love and goodness of God and make the way of true, noble living plain before us.

I'll tell you how it is, children: we are all a good deal like the lawn at my home; that lawn is full of weeds; there is good soil and good grass there, but it hasn't been taken care of, and when we look at it and see all sorts of weeds that have sprung up there, we say to each other, "When shall we ever get them out?" I am perfectly sure that it can be done, that is if we only keep at it long enough and are watchful enough. Just as it is with our lives,—along with the good and beautiful things which we find in everybody, there are weeds that need to be constantly looked after and weeded out, and to keep this watchful care over ourselves is a great part of religion. Religion means obedience. Learn to obey your parents while young, and when you are old you will obey the command of duty. Religion means truthfulness. But religion means not only obedience and truthfulness and courage, it means love. Jesus said, to love God and our neighbors was the great commandment; and Paul said that love was the fulfilling of the law. Love brings joy and brightness and peace. It brings the best there is in everybody, and it is stronger than anything else to put away evil. If anybody speaks in an angry way to you and you give back a soft word in return, then the anger and the evil are shamed out of the countenance.

The world needs nothing so much as love. True, unselfish love in the hearts of all people would make this world as good and beautiful as heaven. So, try to be loving as well as obedient and brave and true, and when you are men and women I trust you will take this world in hand and make it a better place than it is now. I have tried to tell you what it is to be religious, and yet I am sure I have not told you the best and most important part of it. Indeed, it is not easy to tell; but I think you will understand me if I say that religion is a feeling away down deep in our hearts that goodness is the only thing worth living for, and that the great God who made and sustains this wonderful universe dwells with us and makes life beautiful and sacred with his divine presence.

Each for himself must do his Master's work,
Or at his peril leave it all undone;
Witness the fate of one who sought to shirk
The sanctuary's service, yet would shun
The penalty. A man of earthly aims
(So runs the apologue,) whose pious spouse
Would oft remind him of the church's claims,
Still answered thus, "Go thou and pay our vows
For thee and me." Now, when at Peter's gate
The twain together had arrived at last,
He let the women in; then to her mate
Shutting the door, "Thou hast already passed
By proxy," said the Saint,—"just in the way
That thou on earth was wont to fast and pray."—*Saxe*.

The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by.—*Carlyle*.

Conferences.

MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

Report read to the Western Conference by Joseph Shippen, Esq.

In the absence of Mr. Livermore, the president, ever with us in heart and spirit, as one of the Board of Trustees I would present the following report of our Meadville Theological School. This institution was founded and has been in uninterrupted successful operation for about thirty-six years. It is chartered under the laws of Pennsylvania, and located in the beautiful and healthful city of Meadville, in the northwest part of the State, readily accessible by rail. If the tree be known by its fruits, the institution can point with pride to many of the leading clergymen of our denomination, both East and West, who are its graduates. Many of you delegates have enjoyed its advantages, and hold the school, the professors and Meadville people in affectionate esteem. Divinity Hall, crowning its beautiful hill, has indeed been a light-house of the liberal faith, illuminating the broad land. Of its present condition I would report that its instructors are Rev. A. A. Livermore, Professor of Theology, Ethics and Old Testament Literature; George L. Cary, A. M., Professor of New Testament Literature; Rev. James T. Bixby, Professor of Religious Philosophy and Comparative Hierology; Cyrus W. Christy, Instructor in Ecclesiastical History, Rhetoric and Latin; *Rev. George W. Hosmer, D. D., non-resident Professor of Pastoral Care; Rev. A. D. Mayo, non-resident Professor of Church Polity and Administration; Rev. Thomas Hill, D. D., LL. D., Lecturer on Natural Theology for the current year. Its students number thirteen, of whom four are in the senior class. The institution has been the recipient of endowment funds, which have been managed and husbanded with consummate wisdom and care,—a wisdom that has never even been tempted to violate in the slightest the charter provision, that the Trustees shall not encumber the property with debt. The endowment has always been small and inadequate, and the institution stands with hands ready to receive and judiciously appropriate whatever funds the liberality of its friends may offer. In view of the marked decline in the rate of interest attainable on its investments, special appeal has been made for further endowment, and not in vain, for the receipts within the last three years, have reached \$29,555.56. The institution affords pecuniary aid to young men while engaged in their theological studies, on the conditions of a fixed purpose on the part of the applicant to complete the course of study on which he has entered, and thereafter to engage in the work of the Christian ministry. Many of the recipients of these beneficiary funds in times past proved among the most faithful and efficient ministers. The library of the school numbers 15,000 volumes, among which are the books of the lamented Rev. Charles H. Brigham, which he left as a legacy to the institution in which he ever felt the deepest interest. A grand work has been done silently, but none the less potently, for the promulgation of the liberal faith by the distribution of books.

*Since deceased.

Some years ago, Joshua Brookes, of New York city, made the Trustees of Meadville Theological School the depositaries and administrators of a fund "to improve the libraries of ministers by a loan or gift of books." In 1880 two hundred and thirty-eight lots of books, or libraries, were given to as many ministers. Communications upon this subject should be addressed to Rev. F. Huidekoper, Meadville, Crawford Co., Pa.

Such is the organization, the usefulness in the past, and present condition of the institution. Its record should inspire us with confidence for the future as well. It needs your sympathy and support. It would be a poor, narrow-sighted policy of our denomination to abandon, or even temporarily lose sight of the education of young men for the Christian ministry. That sympathy and support is given, I well know, by your graduates—for where is the Meadville graduate that is not ready to acknowledge the blessings received?—but it might well be given in even larger measure. The school needs our moral as well as financial support, it needs more students of earnest, consecrated purpose. The information of its existence, and of its doors open to hospitably greet all who come, might well be more broadly diffused. It needs further endowment also, and the increase of endowment and of students should go hand in hand.

Notes from the Field.

DENVER, COL.—*The Woman's Journal* tells us that Mrs. Geo. H. Richards has been appointed clerk of the court in this city. The first woman that ever held this position.

MISSOLOGHI.—At this place Byron breathed his last, while his head and heart were full of generous schemes for the redemption and restoration of distracted Greece; and here at last the modern Greeks have erected a beautiful statue to this tempestuous genius.

FLORENCE, MASS.—The Free Religious Society of this place has called to its service the compound ministry of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Spencer. A society that has so uniquely taken care of itself so long, one would suppose would be content with one preacher, but there are some things that cannot be divided. All our regrets go to the bereaved parish at Haverhill.

PRINTED MISSIONARIES.—The Swedenborgian Society of England have distributed upwards of 3,000 volumes of the Works of Emmanuel Swedenborg during the last year, largely among ministers and theological students of the other faiths. They believe in putting their missionaries in type. Certainly such missionaries are inexpensive. It costs nothing to board them.

EASTERN HELP.—The American Unitarian Association has recently appropriated \$500 to the work of the Iowa Unitarian Association; \$500 to help the Michigan Conference in its work; and it has also appointed Rev. John Visser, of the last class of the Cambridge Divinity School, as missionary at large for Dakota. In addition to this, Mr. C. F. Russell, of the senior class, is in the West, working under the direction of the Secretary of the

Western Conference, during his vacation, the A. U. A. paying the bill. This shows a growing confidence in field work on the part of the Eastern friends, which is very hopeful. The West is much more in need of sowers than of harvesters; planting, not threshing, is the work to be done.

BARABOO, WIS.—Mr. C. F. Russell, of the Cambridge Divinity School, is at work at this point, preparing the way for the Summer meeting of the Wisconsin Unitarian Conference, which is to meet there August 31 to September 2. Through a long pulpit silence the Free Congregational Society of Baraboo has always kept up a consciousness of life, and has been exceptionally successful in preserving its Social Identity.

CONCORD PHILOSOPHERS.—The Summer School of Philosophy is fairly going. The opening poem, which was read by Mr. Stedman, is published in the July *Atlantic*. Prof. W. S. Harris and Dr. H. H. Jones are devoting themselves to Hegel; Drs. Hedge and Porter and Mrs. Howe, to Kant; Miss Peabody, Mrs. Cheney and Dr. Bartol are among those who lecture on subjects less philosophic but equally attractive.

WOMAN'S WORK.—Geo. H. Ellis, publisher of the *Christian Register*, promptly resents the insinuation that there is any unjust discrimination made against women in the printing establishments of Boston. He says, "In my office, at least, women are paid precisely the same wages as would be paid to men for the same work." He does not say, in addition, that almost the entire typographical work in his office is done by women, and that the *Register* stands among the best printed papers in the country; but it is nevertheless true.

EDITORIAL MEANDERINGS.—Dr. Edwards, of the *North-western Christian Advocate*, represents Methodism on wheels at the present time, as he goes rolling through the British Isles on a bicycle. Neighbor Bundy, of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, is announced as just having reached London. Mr. Potter, the diligent editor of the *Free Religious Index*, is to be relieved for a month by B. F. Underwood; and ere this paragraph reaches the reader, the *UNITY* editor will be lost in the woods, not to be found until the first of September.

WESTERN GROVE MEETINGS.—Orthodoxy cannot hold a monopoly of the woods. The Spiritualists of Michigan gather in a camp-meeting on Cognac Lake, near Battle Creek, from August 12th to the 22nd. Those of Kansas meet at Idlewild Grove, near Cawker City, August 5th to the 15th. The annual encampment of the Kansas Liberal League holds its sessions at Ottawa, August 25th to the 29th, and the Wisconsin Unitarian Conference will undertake to break its bread, to all those who may come, on the shores of Devil's Lake, and at Baraboo, during the first week of September.

LITTLE NEWSPAPERS.—Mrs. Anna L. Diggs, in her address before the "Free Religious Association," at Boston, spoke pathetically of the many little Liberal newspapers that spring up out of the West "like mushrooms. Pitiful little things, they almost make one cry, because of the hunger and thirst back of them, and because of their utter incapacity to do anything else but just pro-

test." We probably come in for a bit of this sympathy, but at the risk of making damaging reflections on ourselves, we would suggest that even more sad than the "hunger and thirst that lie back of them" is, in many cases, the arrogance, the flippant conceit, and the harsh irreverence which constitutes their chief inspiration. Not as a sign of the times that indicates the readiness for organization, so much as the foolish dread of organization, are these papers to be interpreted.

ANTIOCH COLLEGE.—We often go East for our Western news. From the *Register* we infer that Antioch had a hearty commencement. Indeed, all colleges are prosperous on commencement days. There were lectures by Messrs. Wendte and Hale, and an alumni address by Mrs. Eliza Archard Conner, of Cincinnati, who, in connection with Mr. Eugene Foster, received the degrees of A. M. from Mr. Hale. There was also much counseling among the trustees, who added to their number Rev. F. L. Hosmer, of Cleveland, elected to fill a vacancy. The upshot of the business consultation was a suspension for the time being of the college work, owing to the non-productive condition of much of the endowment. Steps were taken towards the careful conservation of funds, and the maintenance meanwhile of a preparatory school of highest grade. Messrs. John Kebler, E. E. Hale, C. W. Wendte, Warren Keifer, and A. L. Kellogg were appointed an executive committee to carry out this plan, which committee will doubtless in due time have some announcements to make to *UNITY* readers.

WALES.—The Welsh Unitarian Association held its 81st Anniversary, during the last week of June, at Rhydygwin. There were eleven Unitarian and three Independent ministers present. The next anniversary is fixed for Pantydefaid, and the publication of the *Ym-fynydd*, the monthly organ of this organization, is to be resumed in September. Eighty years' work with only a dozen churches to show for it, is certainly such an exhibit as may well breed modesty, if not despondency; and yet this meagre count by no means fixes the bounds of the work done by that association towards liberalizing and humanizing the world. *UNITY* and its work has a slender but sensitive rootlet that reaches back and out towards this association. The church with which it will celebrate its 82nd anniversary next year was organized some sixty years ago, by a few young men who felt the radical tides of progress rising in their souls; one of whom became the father of the present editor of *UNITY*, the paper that tries to sound its little note for Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion in this new and far off western world.

"For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

SHERWOOD, MICH.—On the 24th ult. a beautiful new building was dedicated by the "Church of Sherwood" with a double service, J. L. Jones preaching morning and evening. The building was erected at a cost of about \$3,500, is neatly frescoed and carpeted throughout. It belongs to the independent circuit of Rev. M. V. Rork, who a few years ago was expelled from the Methodist church for heresy. The people to whom he ministered at Athens and surrounding country there-

upon expelled the Methodist Conference, and rallied around Mr. Rork with especial fervor. This liberal rally has resulted in the erection of two beautiful little church buildings, and the arousing of an interest in heretical ideas far and wide. Mr. Rork, is ably assisted by Miss Ida C. Hultin, who preaches with marked effect on his circuit. Mr. Rork opens a select school at Athens, in September, in addition to his ministerial work. Upward of one hundred pupils have already signified their intention to attend. If we mistake not, Mr. Rork's work is yet to become a fruitful help to the cause which UNITY represents. The multitudes that came from far and near—some of them riding fifteen miles—to hear the first Unitarian sermon ever preached in that community, manifested an enthusiastic interest in the religion that seeks to work for Freedom, Fellowship and Character, and to them all UNITY gives cordial greetings.

NEBRASKA.—Our readers will regret to learn that our one apostle that is actively engaged in the Liberal ministry in this State has been over-reached by hard work and malaria, and has been a consequent sufferer from typho-malaria fever. His church, at Omaha, is closed until September, and he has retreated to the mountains. Mr. Copeland visited North Platte in June, and reports that the indomitable Sister Cogswell has once more gathered about her a thriving little Sunday School, and is leading the forlorn hope into renewed activity. She deserves and needs sympathy and help.—Lincoln is the University town next in order at which the Unitarian Association ought to plant a missionary.—Little bands of tried and true friends of the religion which UNITY stands for, at Hastings, Grand Island, Plattsmouth, Crete, Beatrice, and other points, render this State an attractive field for one who is willing to sow seed for others to harvest. Here is a grand opportunity for a missionary bishop, one who will go to Nebraska as Mr. Visser is about to go to Dakota, with a purpose to save the State to rational religion; but he must go, as Mr. Visser goes, backed with outside dollars, dollars too that have sympathy in them. Are there not other women with hearts warm and big enough to enable the officers of the Woman's Auxiliary Conference at Boston, or the officers of the Women's Western Unitarian Conference, to do for Nebraska what they have just undertaken to do for Dakota? Mr. Visser will need an associate out there. Two missionaries in the two States equal one missionary in one State multiplied by three. Who will give us assurance of the money, and we will find the man.

JANESVILLE, WIS.—On the 16th ult. we stood again behind the little desk upon which we have laid the best brain-seed that nine years of our study-life could produce. We looked again into the dancing eyes of the children that constitute in our partial eyes the most lovely and loving Sunday School in the West, and on the Tuesday night following we mingled with the workers of the Mutual Improvement Club, as they gathered to enjoy their seventh annual reunion. The visit was a delightful one to us. (We use the plural *domestically* not *editorially* this time, for the robins sang, the sun shone, the ever-beautiful hills that over-look the Rock River smiled, and

people and children heartily greeted the three-quarters represented by Mrs. Jones, Mary and Richard, as well as the one-quarter represented by the editor.) This parish has kept itself hopefully intact for a year without a resident pastor. The pulpit has been occupied with but few exceptions; the parish socials have been maintained by the ladies without interruption; the Sunday School, conducted by a rotating committee of teachers, is in quite as good a condition as it was when it had a tramping missionary for a superintendent. Weekly teachers' meetings have been maintained without interruption; the new Unity Services and Songs have been obtained, and the Sunday School Lessons in LITTLE UNITY have been followed from the start. The Secretary of the Club reported at its reunion twenty-seven study sessions and four lectures, and an average attendance of sixteen, twenty-six working members. There were presented during the season a total of one hundred and twenty-four studies, seventy-four of which were written papers. A pleasing episode at the reunion was the presentation to the secretary, Mrs. Hatherell, of a beautiful cast of the antique statue of Niobe shielding her children, as a mark of appreciation of the hard work she has rendered the Club. For the benefit of the members of our larger Unity Club, we will try to give most of Secretary's report in the next issue of UNITY.

The parish at Janesville is going to live!

The history of religion is undoubtedly, to a considerable extent, the history of ignorance and superstition. Human nature has been ignorant and superstitious, and therefore religion has had to be so. Shall we then regret religion? We might regret human nature as well. What has religion been? It has been the attempt of human nature to stammer out in some poor way its thought and feeling in regard to the mystery of the world and its relation to this mystery. Granted that it has often made a bungling mess of it. But for my part I would rather that the bungling should have been a hundred times as bad than that the attempt should not have been made. Tell me, my honest friend of all mankind and foe of all religion, would you think any better of the race if it had lived here in this world without trying to fathom its mystery? Or would you, as I would, despise a race of men that could do this? Why, the most absurd theology that ever has been put together, the most ridiculous worship that ever has been devised, is more creditable to human nature than any mere indifference, than any mere eating and sleeping and going one's way untouched, unstirred, unthrilled by all the marvelous aspect of the material universe and the deep heart of man. Religion has been superstitious, it has been grotesque, it has been cruel. I grant it all. And yet I say that nothing else has been more creditable to humanity than this. Nothing of all the past could we so ill afford to spare.—J. W. Chadwick.

THE latest and most refreshing Sabbath School incident happened in a class not a thousand miles from Lewiston. The teacher had grown eloquent in picturing to his little pupils the beauties of Heaven, and he finally asked: "What kind of little boys go to Heaven?" A lively little four-year-old boy, with kicking boots, flourished his fist. "Well, you may answer," said the teacher. "Dead ones!" the little fellow shouted at the extent of his lungs.

One of our greatest foes is fraudulent work, with its waste of labor and capital.—D. A. Wasson.

The Study Table.

All Publications noticed in this Department, as well as New and Standard Books, can be obtained of the Colegrove Book Co., 49 Madison street, Chicago.

MEMORIAL DISCOURSE. In honor of Rev. Geo. H. Hosmer, D. D. By Rev. G. W. Cutter, Buffalo Pph. pp. 8.

CATALOGUE of University of Cincinnati, for year 1881-'82. Thomas Vickers, Rector of the University. Pph. pp. 80.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR AUGUST. Containing Discussion on the Christian Religion, by Robert G. Ingersoll and Jeremiah S. Black.

LITERARY NOTES.

We are glad that the *Literary World* has set afloat again this pertinent sentence of Hawthorne concerning book-binding, "You strip off the real skin of the book in order to put it into fine clothes." High-priced bindings are poor investments to all except the wealthy, for they not only reduce the number of books bought, but they decrease the use of the books owned. They deter the owner from frequent handling. Look well to the inside, not to the outside of the book before buying.—The *Literary World*, in a notice of the new book containing the memoir of Charles Henry Brigham, says, "Mr. Brigham was entirely devoted to study and authorship. Books he did not write, esteeming that a greater opportunity of public influence was opened to him in the periodicals and journals of the day. But his printed writings, if collected, would fill many volumes. His personal influence has reached many minds at their most sensitive period. By his learning, by his judgment, by his modesty and purity, he impressed some people as being the most remarkable man they had ever known. He enriched his mind with the fruits of foreign travel. He was an intellectual man. Never marrying, he pursued the scholar's course without the interruptions of domestic care. Method and industry in work enabled him to accomplish large results."—The new librarian of the Boston Public Library is endeavoring to weed out the worthless books, particularly the lighter fiction. This is hopeful; not bulk but quality will be the final test of an excellent library.—Max Müller is soon to publish a new translation of Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason." It is to be a centenary volume.

THE CHANNING CENTENARY in America, Great Britain and Ireland. Edited by Russell Nevins Bellows. Geo. H. Ellis, Boston. pp. 532. \$2.00.

A man that is indeed a man, is a being of many sides. Each of his biographers presents the man to us in only one or two of his many sides, hence the advantage of reading biographies of the same person by different hands. Channing was many-sided; we hear of him as the "gentle Channing," and yet as we read some of his sermons we have a man on fire with indignation, one far from gentle, in the common meaning of the word. And again, all parties alike claim him as the exponent of their thought—to-day he is even orthodox. The past Centenary has called in a remarkable degree the attention of the religious world to the Life and Works of Channing. To meet the demand, we have, in England and America, cheap centenary editions of his "Works;" also a condensed edition of his life, by Rev. Wm. H. Channing. Second to none of these is a book which, within the past spring, has quietly, perhaps too quietly, come forth from the press, "The Channing Centenary Volume. Edited by Russell Nevins Bellows."

The purpose of the book is clearly set forth in the preface. When the thought of having a Channing Centenary first suggested itself, it was not imagined that the

occasion would draw out the careful and even great literary productions it actually did. After the addresses and essays had been given, and appeared in the daily papers or in small pamphlets, and their worth was recognized, it was thought advisable "to preserve and present them in convenient form for students, whether of Dr. Channing's life, character and teachings, or of the present tendencies of liberal religious thought." Of this desire the volume before us is the result; and it must be said that its "form" does credit to the publisher. This preface furnishes us with what the minister would call a text, in that the book professes not only to give the different estimates put upon the character of Channing, but also to call attention to the advance and drift of "liberal religious thought." In the addresses and essays here reported we have Channing viewed from all points. He is, according to Dr. James F. Clarke, in history "a prophet; yea, I say unto you, and more than a prophet." Dr. E. E. Hale, on what seems to us very scant evidence, would have us believe that Channing was "a man of affairs"—a practical business man. The nephew, W. H. Channing, holds up the uncle as "the ideal American." Dr. Hedge places Channing in the "sentimental class," which class includes those "who see through the medium of their sentiments." From this the nephew most decidedly dissents, and maintains that Channing "was not an enthusiast or a visionary." "I think," says Dr. Ellis, "we shall all say that he is always, and everywhere, and at all times, and in all his utterances, distinctively a gospel preacher—one of the great gospel preachers of our age." To Mr. Oliver Johnson, Channing was the friend of the negro, and he thinks that one of his finest discourses is that with the title "Spiritual Freedom." Mr. Curtis sounds the same note: "Why, Mr. President, there is not a man who shall speak of him who will not speak of that [his anti-slavery career]. Every breath he drew was an anti-slavery inspiration. Every word he uttered was an anti-slavery battle. Wherever he saw a chain binding the human body he struck it, and he broke it,—not with the might of the trip-hammer that shatters, but with the touch of the sunbeam that melts." The ministers of the Evangelical churches who spoke were cordial in their love and veneration for Channing. "I bow humbly at the feet of the man whom I believe to have been a brave, pure, devout, unselfish worshipper of the Master;" thus spake Rev. Dr. Thomas, of the Methodist church, and he spoke words which utter the feelings expressed by all.

Not less important is the second half of the text—the advance and drift of liberal religious thought. This, perhaps, is nowhere more apparent than in the "Memorial Discourse" given at the Newport celebration, by the Rev. Dr. Bellows. The doctor evidently believed he had time enough, and was in no hurry. It is one of the things by which, in time coming, we will remember the doctor himself. He spoke, so the daily papers at the time tell us, for two hours, "and held the audience from beginning to end." In the discourse we have a careful analysis of Channing's thought, with more especial reference to his belief about Jesus. Says Dr. Bellows, "Jesus Christ had, according to his (Channing's) views, a created existence; but it was older than man's. He brought

his moral and spiritual perfections with him. He did not grow into them as we grow, nor were they limited by what hinders us." But, says Dr. Bellows, "I am bound in simplicity to say that I do not share these views of Christ's pre-existence; nor is the moral and spiritual exaltation of Jesus in any view dependent upon the place or date of his first creation. * * * * His (Channing's) own spiritual philosophy ought, it seems to me, to have made him, of all men, readiest to believe that a being made in the divine image might, occasionally at least, live in the divine likeness free from sin. * * * We do not think Homer, Aristotle, Plato, Michael Angelo, Shakespeare, pre-existed because their genius is unparalleled: Why Jesus? Genius,—poetic, artistic execution,—is always unaccountable, and always exceptionable; but it is never other or more than human. I hope and trust that other sinless beings have lived besides Jesus. Beings, at any rate, there have been in whom no sin appeared, and I should hold it a great deduction from any reverence for Christ and humanity if I were compelled to leave Jesus out of the ranks of our common manhood." Shades of the fathers! if this is not the most pronounced Rationalism, what is? What an advance, this, upon Channing, and how clearly it points in the direction in which liberal religious thought is moving and will move. When we come to Mr. Savage's sermon on "Channing Unitarianism," we have the same thoughts breathing all through it—I was going to say, burning in it. In a more or less degree like thoughts are to be found in most of the more prominent addresses. The volume, it will now be seen, will prove itself in time of great value to him who may see fit to study the growth and advance of religious ideas in our country. Its value will also increase with time.

With all due respect for the great men whose thoughts are given us in these addresses, we cannot but feel that Channing is, in some of them, overrated. When Dr. Hale finds in him, who was anything on earth but an organizer, "a man of affairs;" when Dr. Furness finds something remarkable in the fact that "at the close of a certain passage in the sermon the people all over the church could be heard taking their breath," (a very common thing when a good sermon is preached); when Dr. Farley thinks it shows "marked kindness" in Dr. Channing that he "took the child, nothing loth, in his arms, and, carrying him to the vehicle (a short distance) put him surely in, kissed him and bade him good-bye;" when the nephew, Dr. W. H. Channing, finds in his uncle "the ideal American;" when he says "I have never seen Channing's peer in simplicity and humility;" when he asks, "Was he not faultless, spotless, peerless?" and when he goes on to say, "I have known many grand spirits in my own land and abroad, but here I say it, as before the angels, never yet upon earth have I met the peer of William Ellery Channing;" when we find such expressions as these, what have we but much ado over trifles and great exaggeration of the truth? There is need that we be careful. In giving us this wide range of thought, these different views, exaggerated and otherwise, of Channing, the book is a very treasure-house.

We have reports as full as possible of the meetings in Newport, Boston, Brooklyn, New York, Chicago, St.

Louis, Ann Arbor, Cincinnati, St. Paul and many other places. If in some respects the meeting at Newport was the most remarkable, that at Brooklyn was the most catholic. There took part in it representatives of almost all phases of religious belief—Unitarians, Conservative and Progressive, Universalists, Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians and Congregationalists. There, too, the laymen were heard, and heard to a purpose; there a son of Israel placed "a flower on the honored grave of this apostle of love and freedom." Why was there no Roman Catholic present? If there were none in the flesh there was one at least in the spirit—good Bishop Cheverus. The letters from some of the leading divines and writers of this and other countries, and the press notices, cannot be too highly valued. The last 150 pages of the volume are given to reports of the meetings held in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Belfast and Aberdeen. In these reports are addresses from Dr. Martineau, Rev. J. Baldwin Brown (a glowing address), the Dean of Westminster (read by Dr. Martineau), Dr. Wm. B. Carpenter, H. A. Bright and many other prominent speakers of England, Scotland and Ireland. The volume closes with a long letter from Mr. John Fretwell, on the "Influence of Channing's writings in Europe." It is a fair and able presentation of the subject; the writer goes over the whole ground, not forgetting Spain, Greece and Turkey. From what we have already written the value of the book may be easily seen, and it is likely, when its value is known, it will find its place in our libraries. A. W.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE. By William Rounseville Alger. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1881. \$1.00.

Mr. Alger's admirers will gladly welcome another book from his facile pen. One of them, at least, is struck with what may be called the wearableness of the author's style. There are those who have reached a polish and finish equal to that of Mr. Alger, but they use it in such a way that one becomes tired of it and longs for any kind of a break in the monotony of eloquence. There is a pointed quality to the finish of this book which relieves it from all sense of monotony. One follows the dizzy heights of its eloquence with the ease and enjoyment of a bird in mid-air. There is a brilliancy of style so dazzling that it is hard to be aware of anything else as one reads. Mr. Alger's brilliancy is that which illuminates from the fact that it is properly and skillfully used for the purpose of throwing light where it is needed, not for the mere purpose of glitter. We are often painfully aware that an author is leading us into greater depths than we are accustomed to, and get back to the surface of life with very confused ideas as to what we were taken there for. In this book we find that when we have been down to the eternal foundations of things, we have come back invigorated instead of wearied, and clearer in mind than we went, because our guide does not take us there to impress us with the profundity of the depth, or his own cleverness in threading intricate passages, but because we went for the purpose of studying foundations, seeing that they were such, have gone straight to the spot in singleness of purpose, and come back with firmer faith in the durability of our superstructure. Many a writer impresses us with the

wonderful range and accuracy of his mental vision and spiritual insight, but few are blessed with the happy faculty which is here shown of showing to others what is seen for one's-self. To be exhaustive without being exhausting is a point that few can add to their style so completely as Mr. Alger. These are the prominent traits that make every book of Mr. Alger's that one reads, as well as sermon or lecture that one listens to, as fresh as if the acquaintance with him were just made.

Without these characteristics of style, a book based on the scheme of this one must have been an utter failure. The school of life is a rather familiar companion to most reflecting minds. The points of resemblance are many, obvious, and in a loose way easily gathered up by almost any one. So much so, that if one thought of such things as writing it up point by point, he would soon give up the job, scared by the amount of familiar thought that must necessarily be set forth at length to carry out the plan. Our author, however, allowed no such fear to influence him. Apparently feeling that the familiarity of a truth rather increased than decreased the importance of it, he seems to have been utterly unconscious of the terms "trite" or "commonplace," but has boldly followed out the detail of the comparison, making specific mention of the Rooms in the School; The Founder of the School; The Providential Teachers; General Teachers; Special Teachers; Education the Business of Life; Books in the School; Studies in the School; Lessons of Docility, Energy, Submission, Faith, Love, Exemplification; Rules in the School. Such are some of the headings; enough to show the nature of the thought to be dealt with. Mr. Alger's handling of the familiar themes and thought is like that of a skillful lapidary, who sees in the most precious gems, however highly estimated, a worth and beauty which none but his practised eye can see, and wisely and skillfully sets to work to bring them out in a recutting and resetting that produces such marvellous effects as to make us almost think a new and rarer gem than the old ones has been brought to light. There is great temptation to illustrate at large, but one extract will suffice. Under the lesson of Energy, we read: "There are no obstacles which will not go down before the fire and charge of enthusiasm, heroism, clearness and decision. Thrilling voices breathe from the monuments of the mighty dead, and thunder through the dome of fame the truth that determination, strength and perseverance are the three champions of the world." The condensed force of some of the sentences give them almost, if not quite, the character of proverbs; while in fecundity of suggestion they seem at times to make a paragraph read like a group of mottoes. Here are a few: "When the incompetent or the unfaithful enter illustrious place they make it a pillory." "Let us not join that great multitude who stop short when they can count ten, fancying their education finished." "All that appears to sense is the speech of God; all that is to the spirit is the meaning of that speech." "One thrill of the soul of Shakespeare outvalues the gathered experience of a whole race of Calibans." Speaking of the superiority of reforming one's-self to the trying to reform the world by better criticism, he says: "It is easier to put

your foot in a shoe than it is to cover the whole world with leather."

If the undertaking were not too large to be practicable, it would be an excellent idea to establish a fund for distributing this book gratuitously to the great crowd of just graduated *beginners* in the school of life that annually pour out of college, seminary and high school. It is to be hoped that the Trustees of the Brookes fund will make a note of it in their future distributions to the graduates of the Meadville Theological School.

T. H. E.

REPORT OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN UNION, for the year ending April 13, 1881. pph. pp. 78. For gratuitous distribution.

A careful reading of this report impresses one more than ever with the incalculable good it must do year by year, and that it ought to have its counterpart in every city in the land and something akin to it in every village. It was instituted in 1851, and has three times outgrown its shell. It is now located on Boylston St., near Tremont, overlooking the common, and is a large, airy, well-lighted building, with every imaginable convenience, from parlor and library to toilet room.

The library consists of 5,377 volumes. There was issued during the year, for home reading, 14,603 volumes. The study is supplied with books of reference, always accessible to members. Public religious services are held regularly Sunday evenings in Union Hall. "There are classes for German, French, Spanish, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Sketching, Vocal Music, Elocution, Phonography and other studies. Practical talks on matters of Science, Political Economy, History, Art, and Essays in Practical Ethics, besides Lectures, Readings, Dramatic, Musical and other entertainments; monthly meetings for social intercourse during the winters, and excursions to points of interest near Boston during the summer. An Employment Bureau, to aid members in procuring work; a Boarding House Committee, who endeavor to provide good boarding places at modest rates; a Committee on Churches, who provide members with seats in any church they desire to attend; Clothing Committee, who distribute clothing furnished; a Committee to care for sick members; a Gymnasium, provided with bath-rooms, dressing-rooms, and a great variety of apparatus of the most improved style."

Among special philanthropies attended to by this institution are Rides for Invalids. Only think of the amount of comfort to the forlorn aged women, the convalescents from hospitals and the hopeless consumptives, which must have been found in those 1411 rides. Christmas and New Year's Festivals for Needy Children, Bureau of Reference for Women, Country week for Poor Children, and Fruit Depot. This last hints at New England thrift. Those who have a surplus of fruit send it hither for distribution. Here we have, in one building, under one administration, a public library and reading rooms, a school, a church, a theatre, a lyceum, a gymnasium, a bathing house, an intelligence office, and a wholesale benevolent institution. It is indeed a "broad church" of itself, and admits "all young men of good moral character, and claiming to believe in the truths of Christianity, without distinction of sect or party." But why these exclusions? Alas! for the men not young; alas! also, for

the poor young "stranger within our gate," if he does not *claim Christianity*, and there are many such both to give and to need help; and although sect makes no difference sex does. Why is there no chance for the girls? But we will pick no quarrel with them, for they are doing a noble work, there can be no question about that. \$1, annually, makes "a young man of good moral, etc.," an Annual Member, \$5 makes him a Subscription Member, and \$25 makes him a Life Member.

For further particulars, and to those who wish to send subscriptions or gain information, or aid to start something similar in their own vicinity, you are referred to the genial and ever-ready W. H. Baldwin, President Boston Y. M. C. U., 18 Boylston St., Boston, who was present and helped inaugurate the Chicago Athenæum just after the terrible fire of 1871, the institution in this city which most resembles this Union in aim and methods, an institution that now, after receiving the generous bequest of \$10,000 from Eli Bates, and the paying off its back debts, amounting to about \$3,000, mainly through the exertions of B. P. Moulton, Esq., we hope is entering on a still larger career of usefulness. May it grow more and more like its Boston prototype, "except these bonds."

S. C. LL. J.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CARLYLE. By Edwin D. Mead. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, 1881. pp. 140. \$1.00.

This book is so good that it is a great pity that it is not better. The publishers have bestowed more pains towards making it a permanent addition to the library than the author. It was first prepared as a lecture, and the book shows too plainly the limitations incident to such a composition. It has chapters, but no headings. It discusses a wide range of topics, but it has neither table of contents nor index. It aims, in a certain way, to be an exposition of Carlyle and an introduction to his works. The author persuades the reader, beyond question, that he is very familiar with his subject, but for all his vindication of and enthusiasm for Carlyle, he does not leave the uninitiated reader with a great desire or fixed purpose to seek further acquaintance with his hero-author. Indeed, the gravest fault of the book lies in the fact that the author assumes that the reader is as well acquainted with the subject as himself, which, were it the truth, would render the book quite unnecessary. Some of the most valuable hints in the book are dropped into the foot-notes; as, for instance, where, on p. 65, he tells us that the best statement of Carlyle's pessimism is found in *Characteristics*, and his politics in *Corn-law Rhymes*. Add to these *Downing Street*, the second essay on Goethe, and the one entitled *Goethe's Works*, and they "furnish material of a very true conception of Carlyle's philosophy." Mr. Mead's paragraphs are too frequently overloaded with quotation marks, and occasionally he undertakes a Carlylism, which, in the hands of any one but Carlyle, must be disappointing; as, when he speaks of "children who bethump with 'dad' their fathers in their flesh, and priests who begin to joke with their Father in Heaven." We believe with the author that Carlyle has made for himself a permanent place in literature, and that his gospel is much needed at the present time. This book shows that Mr. Mead might, if he

only would, give us a book that would be a worthy introduction to the Carlyle store-house, and a welcome aid to those who would become acquainted with the writings of Carlyle, which, with all their merits, are by no means easy reading to the beginner.

SORDELLO. A story from Robt. Browning. By Frederick May Holland. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 1881. pp. 30. Paper, 30 cts.; cloth, 50 cts.

The writings of Robert Browning are, beyond question, the most difficult to understand in English poetry. We believe it is also safe to say that no poet, after Shakespeare, yields such rich results, when understood, as Browning. Mr. Holland, in this little book, tells in plain prose the story of this poem; a poem which Mr. Holland characterizes as "one of the most incomprehensible in all literature." He would do a service to many of the busy students of to-day by doing a similar work for the other more elaborate works of Robt. Browning. There are many who might relish the meat that are unable to crack the nut for themselves.

An earnest, faithful man succumbs to the demand for two sermons a week, and must go somewhere where the old stock can eke out the new supply when inspiration fails. Truly, I had "a pain in my brother's side," as I saw his modest effects thus moving southward. I seemed to see my own instead of his, heaped high aloft, and starting for fresh woods and pastures new. Right glad at heart was I to think of the one sermon a week and the long summer vacation that have enabled me for seventeen years to face the same dear company of generous and faithful souls. But this overwork, that is breaking down thousands of ministers every year,—not often in our city pulpits, but in our smaller towns and villages—is a dreadful tragedy.—*John W. Chadwick, in Christian Register.*

The little bird sits in his door in the sun,
Attilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

—J. R. Lowell.

That a man has to bring out his gift in words of any kind, and not in silent divine actions, which alone are fit to express it well, seems to me a great misfortune.—*Carlyle.*

When I was a boy, I wanted some taffy—it was a shilling—I hadn't one. When I was a man, I had a shilling, but I didn't want any taffy.—*Thackeray.*

We can finish nothing in this life; but we may make a beginning, and bequeath a noble example.—*Smiles.*

Most conversions are made to sects, comparatively few to truth and love.—*Lucretia Mott.*

Rich are the diligent who can command time, nature's stock.—*Sir W. Davenant.*

Let us be content, in work,
To do the thing we can, and not presume
To fret because it's little. *Mrs. Browning.*

It is error, only, and not truth, that shrinks from inquiry.—*Thomas Paine.*

The Exchange Table.

HARVEST.

"What enemy hath done this thing?" I cried.
"Oh! treachery that plotted while I slept!
Oh! Foe, that stole while I, confiding, kept
No watch my fairest, dearest field beside:
My noble field, so sunny and so wide.
Only at midnight could a foe have crept
To work this harm."

Alas! in vain I wept;
To late the poison tares to pluck or hide.
My loss is loss; such hurt cannot be healed;
Forever, spite of all new seed I sow,
Past Summer's sun and Winter's purest snow,
Forever poison tares my beauteous field,
Its shining harvests waving to and fro,
Forever poison tares is doomed to yield!

And I, with swift clear-sightedness from pain,
Like one long blind, who, sudden gaining sight,
Cries out at first, in suffering at the light,
Look back and know, with anguish keen as vain,
No foe who had in treacherous ambush lain,
And stealthily sowed his poison tares by night,
Did work upon my beauteous field this blight.

Humble I walk beside the loaded wain;
My head bowed down by shame, and dumb my tongue;
Fate gives each man the gifts he has bestowed,
And metes exact all measures which are owed.
The seed from which these poison tares have sprung
One idle day my own hand careless flung.
I only reap the harvest that I sowed.

H. H.—in *The Independent*.

GEORGE ELIOT'S mother is still living, at the advanced age of ninety years. She is in Hobart, Tasmania.—*Index*.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS TO SOOTHE.—Richard Wagner, the famous composer, has written a number of physicians in London, suggesting the introduction of music in the hospitals as a good thing for the sick and suffering. It is said that an eccentric and wealthy Englishman intends to make the experiment.—*Independent*.

NOT EVERY ONE is so well satisfied with reaping what he sows as the small boy who was hoeing corn in a sterile field by the roadside, near Bethel, Ind., when a passer-by stopped, and said: "Pears to me your corn is rather small." "Certainly," said the boy; "it is dwarf corn." "But it looks yaller." "Certainly; we planted the yaller kind." "But it looks as if you wouldn't get more than half a crop." "Of course not," said the boy; "we planted her on shares."—*Exchange*.

ART NOTES.—The statue of George Dawson, by Mr. Woolner, about to be erected at Birmingham, will be placed underneath a canopy, on the gables of which are to be placed, in bold relief, the heads of Shakespeare, Bunyan, Cromwell and Carlyle.—Mr. Bruce Joy has just completed the model for a bronze statue of Mr. Gladstone, to stand, perhaps, in front of Bow Church, London. He has also finished a statue of heroic size of Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood.—*Boston Commonwealth*.

EMERSONIAN SIMPLICITY.—When Rev. Dr. Hedge, who has lately resigned the professorship of German at Harvard, was a young man, and settled in Bangor, Maine, Mr. Emerson procured him to preach in East Lexington, Mass., where he himself had been supplying the pulpit for a couple of years. After the candidate had been heard a few Sundays, a lady of the congregation was asked how Mr. Hedge was liked. The reply was: "Oh, we are a very simple people, and can understand nobody but Mr. Emerson."—*The Literary World*.

"THE WORLD OF BOOKS IS STILL THE WORLD."—If one does not like the substantial authors whose works will do him good and not evil all the days of his life, it is well

to take them on faith for a little while, till he does like them. A thoroughly good taste for reading is not indigenous in any nature. If you, dear girls, to whom this is written, do not enjoy what your judgment tells you is elevating and ennobling reading—reading that will make you better, truer women, and fit you to adorn society—if you do not relish it, take it on faith for a little while, as you would a medical prescription, and note its sanative effect.—*The Boston Traveller*.

"A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,
The very St. Bartholomew of Birds."

It is difficult to see wherein lies the glory to be derived from such an affair as the pigeon-shooting match that took place in New York recently. The advantages were all on the side of the marksmen. The birds had no chance, save such as arose from the mistakes of the shooters. Thousands of pigeons were provided for these people to fire at. No more important end was to be gained than deciding who could slay the most birds, and when that was determined nobody was the better for the brutal sacrifice of so much harmless life, except the men who obtained the prize which rewarded their unnecessary and heartless indulgence in wanton bloodshed. When Mr. Berg attempted to interfere with their brutal amusement, they defended themselves on the ground that they were gentlemen indulging in a gentlemanly sport; but true gentlemen are not merely those who observe the social properties, but who are gentle and kindly under all circumstances, and to all living things.—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette*.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.—If the attempted murder of President Garfield shall result in the doing away of the present system of making appointments, he and the nation will not have suffered in vain. Offices should be given only as the reward for excellence in competitive examinations and without favoritism, political or personal, and they should be held for life or good behavior. The civil service should no more be the prey and plaything of politicians than should the military and naval services, which are now the only branch of the government not corrupted by favoritism. It should be an understood thing, a part of the unwritten, if not of the written law, that no man should come to Washington, either at the incoming of a new administration or at any other time, with the expectation of obtaining position through political influence. Then will the nation and the world be spared such terrible shocks as that given last Seventh day, an event alike disgraceful to us as a people and dangerous to our republican institutions.—*Friend's Journal*.

"EDUCATION AND LABOR."—Let us take off our hats as the grand procession of industry passes in review—all the departments of agriculture, manufactures, mining, trade, navigation, with every form of art, handicraft, or thought-craft, by which the human world is housed, fed, clothed, lighted, warmed, comforted. In all these forms of service there is not only something honorable, but something religious, and some day this truth will shine like a glory around the brow of labor everywhere. Ministers of God, all of them, let them learn to sing as they work—happy toilers on land or sea, pulling the oars or climbing the ladders; busy amid machines and tools; busy with the iron and coal, the wood and stone, the cotton and wool; busy in field and forest, in store and shop, in garden and stable, in dairy and kitchen; busy in the service of their kind, and therefore in the service of their Maker. Oh! if they did but know it! I long for the day when all this weary world of labor shall be lighted up with a vision of its own divineness.

But there is another class of workers who must come in with these for a share of all good things, namely, the men and women who harness up their brains and hearts to help draw the world along the way of progress. If they do not directly help us live, they help to make all life better worth living; if they do not directly produce wealth, they stamp all wealth with a higher value. All

who help to make mankind brighter, wiser, better informed, or more refined and noble; all who serve us in the ministry of beauty, or with sensible amusement, or solid instruction, or higher impulse—surely they, too, are entitled to something to eat. "There is nourishment in truth, as well as in wheat." There is public wealth in moral qualities as well as in stocks.

"He who feeds men serveth few,
He serves all who dares be true."

—From a Lecture by Rev. Charles G. Ames.

HIS "ELEVATED BEST."—A graduate of Meadville, who is doing excellent missionary work at an outpost, at a salary of \$1,200 a year, sends the following interesting letter with his contribution to the endowment fund:

My delay in responding to your letter concerning our worthy, loved and neglected Alma Mater is not to be taken as indication of my interest. Neither can I, alas! make a contribution which shall be any adequate indication. It has long been with me a foregone conclusion that every son of that school must do his *elevated best*. No "level best" will answer. For all the pecuniary limitations of my life, I sorrow, most of all, on occasions like these; in others, I can shut the matter up, and bear it. I can't make a subscription less than \$100; and I do this in the pious trust that, when the day of reckoning and payment comes, I shall be able to meet it, and also that, when that other "day of reckoning" comes, "the pound I meant to give" will be remembered instead of "the shilling I did give."

With greetings for yourself and a deep hope that the living bread the good mother has cast on the waters so freely will come back to feed her in her need, I am,

Very truly yours,

—The Christian Register.

"LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED."—Robert Collyer, in a sermon, "The Human Lien on the Immortal Life," says:

Indeed, I think that if the option was open to the most of us, while the tides of life run deep and full, to still plash through the slush on our streets in February or exchange it there and then for the spotless splendors of the celestial city, or to give up the steady fight for bread and garments, a roof and a fire, and all the hurly-burly of a day for the bread of heaven, free and plenty, the white robes and harps and crowns, and a world as free from contention as the great deeps of the Atlantic are free from storm, very few of us who are now in the thick of life would hesitate to say, We love this best, and do not want to give it up, no matter what may be waiting in the better life to come. That may be all right, it must be, and we think sometimes this is all wrong; but, then, this is so close to us and familiar, so blended with our being, that we do not know how to give it up. * * Troubled we must be by the breaking of the human strands, by the mists and shadows, and by looking forward to the great change as if it was here, while we are still in the very heart of all that makes the world and our life so dear. But troubled we shall not be when the supreme moment comes, any more than the grapes are troubled when they are ready to be gathered from the vine, or the wheat white to the harvest.—Unity Pulpit.

BRIEF THOUGHTS.

One now is worth a hundred *presently*;
One try a thousand *can't's*. 'Tis try and now
That makes your laurelled and world-famous men;
Not *can't's* and bye-and-byes.

It is not singing psalms, but being one,
Is music in God's ear. Not only lips,
But also lives, must swell the hymn of praise,
Or vain the song. To be true worshippers
We must ourselves be temples.

—Youth's Companion.

Announcements.

WISCONSIN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

The Summer session of this Body is to be held at Baraboo, August 31st, September 2nd. Programme and particulars will be duly announced. A hearty attendance is invited.

Madison, Wis., July, 25, 1881.

H. M. SIMMONS,
Secretary.

The editor is out of office for the month of August, during which time he will be beyond the reach of all official calls or communications. Correspondents will please govern themselves accordingly. Meanwhile UNITY will go on, and all business communications addressed to the publishers or the assistant editor will be duly attended to.

THE GREAT WHEAT FIELDS.

People traveling to the Northwest, will be gratified at learning that the "GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE" opens a new line from Chicago to Minneapolis and St. Paul, July 17th, running two through daily trains, leaving Chicago at 12.05 and 9.30 P. M. This new line is to be known as the "ALBERT LEA ROUTE," and passes through the very best sections of the States of Illinois, Iowa and Minnesota, affording travelers a view of the great harvest fields of our country, and a section peopled by the most progressive and prosperous of our Northwestern inhabitants.

Round trip excursion tickets to points in the great wheat region of the Red River of the North, and Missouri River valleys, will be immediately put on sale, good for 40 days from date of issue. This will enable Eastern farmers to visit the greatest wheat country on the globe, and see harvesting done on the most gigantic scale.

Surely, no one that really desires to see the West, will forego this opportunity to do so, by ticketing over any other than the "Albert Lea Route," via West Liberty. The Great Rock Island Depot is the most central of any in Chicago, being in the very heart of the city, close to the great hotels, post-office, and leading mercantile houses.

"UNITY" SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS—SERIES IX.

THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH NEW TESTAMENT.

BY N. P. GILMAN.

(Eight lesson publications, to begin in UNITY Sept. 1, 1881.)

1. Origin of the New Testament.
2. How it came into Latin; Ulfila's Gothic version; Luther's German version.
3. Wyclif,—Life, Times, Specimen of his Translation, etc.
4. Tyndale,—Life, Times, Specimen of his Translation, etc.
5. From Tyndale to King James.
6. King James' Version.
7. The Revised Version of 1881.
8. The Revised Version of 1881 continued.

UNITY RECEIPTS.

E. E. Garfield, \$1.50; Mrs. Harriet E. Root, \$1.50; Capt. N. J. Eaton, \$1.50; John Ayres, \$1.00; Mrs. S. L. Babcock, \$1.50; Mrs. M. T. Wallace, .75; Miss Mary E. White, \$3.00; Charles Baldwin, .57; E. Curtis, .50; Geo. S. Schuyler, \$5.03; Rev. Lyman Clark, \$1.50; Rev. Alexander McConnell, \$1.50; T. P. Maryatt, .25; J. J. May, \$2.00; Julia A. Bacon, \$1.00; Mrs. Caroline Thomas, \$1.25; Rev. A. Judson Rich, \$1.50; James Harris, \$1.50; C. A. Stearns, \$1.50; T. H. Presswell, \$3.00; J. S. Sewall, \$4.00; S. Lathrop, \$1.00; O. Howard, \$2.25; R. Ford, \$1.50; N. D. Dennis, \$1.50; Mrs. I. P. Evans, \$1.50; I. G. Childs, \$1.50; John Dedrick, \$1.50; Mrs. A. H. Mason, \$3.00; S. B. Ikley, \$1.50; A. N. Burton, \$1.50; Mary H. Tousey, \$1.50; Mrs. E. J. White, \$1.50; Mrs. C. J. Richardson, \$1.50; Mrs. Richardson, \$1.50; W. N. Ferris, .75.

"LITTLE UNITY" RECEIPTS.

L. G. Powers, .50; S. B. Weston, .50; C. W. Wagner, .50; M. E. Wing, .50; Mrs. J. P. Evans, .35; J. M. Arms, .50.

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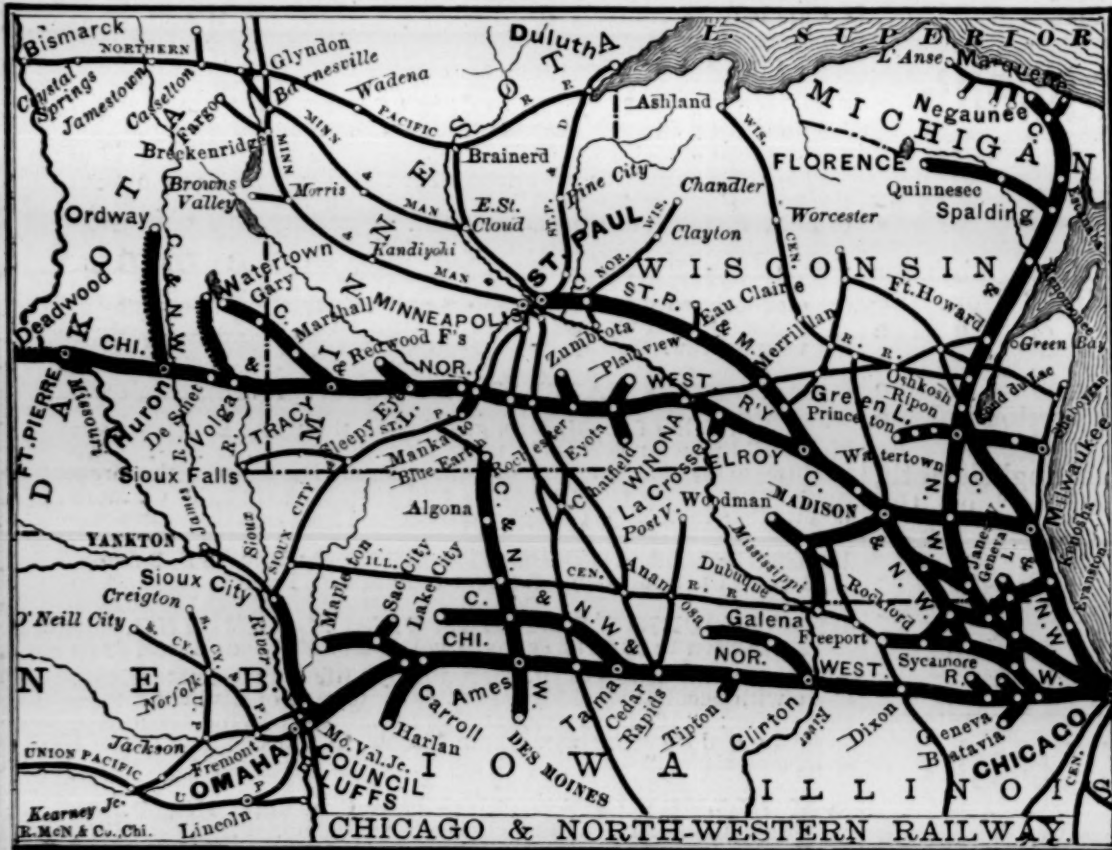
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